

SEYMORE DAILY REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME XXIX NO. 154

SEYMORE, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1910.

PRICE TWO CENTS

BROWN COUNTY TO GET TRACTION LINE

Indianapolis Capitalists Are Subscribing Stock for the Construction of an Interurban Road.

WILL USE GASOLINE MOTORS

The Proposed Line Will be About Eight Miles in Length and Will Cost About \$80,000.

Since Brown county has become a center for artists, capitalists, authors and other visitors, Indianapolis traction men believe that an interurban road should be built connecting Nashville, the county seat, with Helmville, a station on the Indianapolis Southern, the only railroad in the county. The proposition has been presented to several capitalists, who believe that a traction line would be a paying investment, and have signed their willingness to take stock in the company.

The idea is to build a line from Nashville to a point on the Indianapolis Southern, a steam road, running from Indianapolis to Bloomington, through the edge of Brown county. The exact point where the line would join the steam road has not been selected, but it is estimated that the traction line would be between seven and eight miles in length. Work on the preliminary survey will begin this week, and the people there are confident that the road will be built.

A promoter of the line estimates that the road can be built for \$80,000 and no subsidies will be asked from the townships through which the line will pass. On the other hand, the people benefitted will be asked to give their financial assistance by taking blocks of stock and they have signified their intention of doing this to the limit of their available cash.

The present plan is to use modern traction cars, equipped with gasoline motors. This makes each car its own power plant and does away with the expense of overhead construction, such as trolley poles and trolley wire, and also with the erection of power houses and the like. With the gasoline motors about all the building needed is a car barn and shops.

These cars have been tried by a number of companies, especially in the northern part of the state, and they have given perfect satisfaction.

The proposed route from Nashville to the Indianapolis Southern passes over some rough country and several trestles will have to be built. The biggest piece of engineering work contemplated, however, is a tunnel through the Georgetown hill.

If the proposed road is constructed, it will prove a great convenience to the people of the county, as well as to the large number of visitors who spend several weeks each year in the picturesque country.

Gentlemen!

You are invited to stop at our place and see our up-to-date line of all-wool goods for your spring and summer suits. Also gents' furnishing goods, we do all kinds of cleaning, pressing etc. Ladies' and gent's garments A. Sciarra, Tailor and Haberdasher, 14 E. Second street.

Notice.

To whom it may concern: I will not be responsible for any debts incurred by my wife, Annie C. Kelsch, from this date.

j8d GEORGE W. KELSCH.

We Guarantee
CAPITAL
CITY
Liquid Paints
For All Outside and
Inside Work
STRICTLY PURE

PHONE YOUR WANTS
Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.
The Rexall Store
Registered Pharmacists
Phone No. 633

S. H. HUFFMAN DEAD.
Well Known in Seymour and Prominent in Baptist State Work.

Samuel Harvey Huffman was born September 21, 1834, and died at his home on North Poplar street, Tuesday evening, June 7, 1910, at 6:25 o'clock, after an illness of about three years, aged 75 years, 8 months and 16 days.

He was the son of Samuel and Rebecca Huffman; was born in Seymour, and spent the greater part of his life here. In the sixties, he served on the school board, and was largely instrumental in having the Shields high school building erected, resigning his position on the school board to become a member of the city council in order to accomplish this purpose.

For twenty-six years he was in the employ of the Adams Express Company as agent at Seymour, Lexington, Ky., and Evansville, Ind. In the spring of 1883 he returned to Seymour and a year later took up the work of Sunday School Missionary for the American Baptist Publication Society, holding this position until his death, though not active in the



S. H. HUFFMAN.

work since February, 1907. When he took charge of the Baptist Sunday School work it was in a disorganized condition. He left it well organized and with a large increase in the number and activity of the schools. In this work he formed a wide acquaintance throughout the state. He was an indefatigable worker, and everywhere he was honored and respected for his strength of character and unwavering fidelity and loyalty to the truth.

He was an active member of the First Baptist church, of this city, and for years held official positions in this organization. He was elected deacon in 1866, the same year that he united with the church, and held the position until about two years ago, when he resigned on account of his health. He was a member of the building committee that had charge of the erection of the present church building.

He was married, November 28, 1858, to Miss Adaline Sweany. To them were born seven children, three sons and four daughters. Of these one son and one daughter died in childhood, and one daughter, Mrs. Orlena Cloud, died a few years ago. He leaves his wife and four children: Charles B. Huffman, of Seymour; Mrs. Geneva Bare, of Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Mary R. Graessle, of Seymour, and H. Russell Huffman, of Puyallup, Wash.

On November 28, 1908, Mr. and Mrs. Huffman celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. They were greeted personally by a large number of their friends, both in and out of the city, and they were the recipients of many expressions of the high esteem in which they were held.

The funeral will be held at the family residence, Thursday afternoon, at Clifford Weithoff, of Columbus was here Tuesday evening on business.

Clifford Weithoff, of Columbus was here Tuesday evening on business.

Deputy Sheriff Van Robertson was here from Brownstown Tuesday.

We Must Have Low Prices Take Advantage of This Week's Bargains

Sausage same as M. Ham, lb. 10c Jowl Bacon sugar cured, lb. 15¢ Potatoes, old good stock, bu. 50c XXXX Coffee, pound.....13c Prize in Every Pound

Corn, can.....7¢ Raisins Sultana, pound.....5c Salmon Sockeye, can.....15c Salmon Pink, can.....8c Reception Wafers, pound...10c

We have the lowest prices in the city. That 10c candy is a wonder. Buy it at

BLUE RIBBON

Per Pound 18, 23 and 28 Cents

The Flavor Lasts

For Sale Only at

Mayes' Cash Grocery

Phone 658. All goods delivered.

HOADLEY'S

SEYMORE, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1910.

3 o'clock, conducted by Rev. F. M. Huckleberry. A number of former pastors and leading Baptist ministers over the state will probably be present for the funeral. Burial at Riverview.

Friends wishing to view the remains are requested to call Thursday between 11 and 1 o'clock.

TAKEN TO POOR FARM.

Afflicted Lad, Without Home, Becomes County Charge.

Maurice Moss, a boy sixteen years of age and giving his home as Paragould, Ark., was sent to the county poor farm today by Township Trustee Charles Steinwedel. The lad is afflicted with epilepsy and it was thought best to send him to the county farm, where he can be looked after by Superintendent Eddinger until such time as arrangements can be made to send him to an institution for epileptics. The boy came here with the Robinson circus and got employment on the high school building. He says that his parents are dead and that his other relatives do not want to be bothered with him, and that his brother-in-law is postmaster in an Arkansas town. At first he did not want to go to the poor farm, but finally consented, after it was explained that this would be the best thing for him to do.

Tuesday Club.

The last meeting of the Tuesday Club for this summer was held yesterday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. John Gebhardt, on North Poplar street. The following program was given:

The Naturalists: Flaubert; the Brothers Goncourt; Daudet.....Mrs. Jay C. Smith De Maupassant and the Short Story Anatole France—Critic and Novelist.....Mrs. O. O. Swails Zola as an Evolutionist.....Mrs. C. H. Williams Home Life of France.....Mrs. M. A. St. John

After the conclusion of the program, it was voted to send to the Reciprocity Bureau of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, the papers read during the year by Mrs. Ida Sandau and Mrs. Anna C. Brown. The subject of the paper by Mrs. Sandau was, "The Relation of French Literature to French Life." The subject of the paper by Mrs. Brown was, "Origin of the French Nation; Manners, Customs and Religious; Druids; Cæsar in Gaul; Introduction of Christianity."

To Wed This Evening.

Homer William EuDaly, of Ozello, Fla., and Miss Carrie Dale Hart will be married this evening at 7 o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hart, of near Lexington, Scott county. Mr. EuDaly's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth EuDaly, accompanied him to Lexington this morning to attend the wedding and Mr. and Mrs. Norman EuDaly and Fred EuDaly went down this afternoon. After spending a short time in Scott county, the bride and groom will visit relatives here a few days before leaving for Florida for future residence. Mr. EuDaly has been in the South for several years, having resided in Arkansas before going to Florida, two years ago.

Baptist Missionary Society.

On account of the funeral of S. H. Huffman the Woman's Missionary of the First Baptist church will postpone their meeting one week.

Clifford Weithoff, of Columbus was here Tuesday evening on business.

Deputy Sheriff Van Robertson was here from Brownstown Tuesday.

We Must Have Low Prices Take Advantage of This Week's Bargains

"A CASE OF IDENTITY" (Edison Detective Story)

Illustrated Song "I AM FOR YOU" By Miss Lois Reynolds.

If You Are Not Satisfied With the Coffee You Are Using, Try Our

BLUE RIBBON

Per Pound 18, 23 and 28 Cents

The Flavor Lasts

For Sale Only at

Mayes' Cash Grocery

Phone 658. All goods delivered.

DIED.

WILSON—Mrs. Elizabeth A. Wilson died Tuesday evening, at 3:30 o'clock, at her home on East Second street, after an illness of about one month, aged 67 years, 5 months and 6 days. She was born at Louisville January 1, 1843, and moved to Madison with her relatives when a small child, where she spent almost her entire life before coming to Seymour, a little more than two years ago. She leaves a husband and nine children: Mrs. Ed Scholl, of Indianapolis; Ed, W. A. Wilson, proprietor of a store on East Second street in this city; Calvin, of Indianapolis; Mrs. Daniel Hyde, of Ft. Madison, Ia.; Miss Mayme, of Seymour; Mrs. Frank McDonald, of Topeka, Kan.; Lafayette, of Indianapolis, and Miss Vella, of Seymour. Six of the children were at her bedside at the time of her death. She had been lying unconscious for the past week and died without regaining consciousness. She was a member of the Methodist church at Madison.

Short religious services will be conducted at the residence Thursday morning at 8:15 o'clock, by Rev. H. H. Allen, after which the remains will be taken to Madison.

—o—

FREEMAN.—Mrs. Jane Freeman,

wife of Abraham Freeman, of Surprise, died early Wednesday morning after an illness of several months with a complication of diseases. For the past several months she was unable to leave her home and gradually grew weaker until her death. The deceased was born in Kentucky February 11, 1844, making her age 66 years, 4 months and 26 days.

She is survived by her husband, two daughters and two sons. They are, Mrs. Charles Finley, of Hamilton township, Mrs. Ida Green, of Indianapolis, Ernest, of the United States Army, who is stationed in Kansas, and Clifford, of Illinois.

Funeral services at the Surprise M. E. church at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon, conducted by the Rev. C. J. Kelsch, of Cortland. Burial at the Aeme cemetery.

—o—

LIND—Wesley Lind, a veteran of the civil war, died Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, at his home, five miles northeast of this city, in Redding township, after an extended illness with heart and lung trouble, dropsy and other complications. Age, about 67 years. He was enlisted in the 39th Infantry on August 20, 1861, and served in that and the 8th Indiana Cavalry till September 23, 1864. He was a resident of Jackson county for many years. He leaves a widow and one daughter, Mrs. Frank Glasson.

Funeral services will be in charge of the Rev. H. C. Pierson, of near Reddington, after which the remains will be taken to the Jonesville cemetery for interment.

Thimble Club Entertained.

Mrs. William Isaac entertained very pleasantly today for the members of the Brownstown Thimble Club, at her home in Hamilton township. The members of the club are: Mesdames C. T. Benton, Walter Johnson, George Hamilton, Harry Cribb, J. S. Clemens, Oscar Allen, Charles Robertson, William Endebeck, G. G. Spray and J. B. Burrell; Mrs. Maurice Burrell and Miss Lou Pfiefer, of Brownstown, and Mrs. Leroy Miller, Mrs. J. H. Matlock, Mrs. K. D. Mann, Mrs. H. R. Kyte and Mrs. Cora Hunsucker, of Seymour, were guests of the club.

—o—

Edwin H. Gould offers \$15,000 as a prize to the man who shall produce the first aeroplane successfully employing two motors and two propellers.

—o—

The Mexican government is taking prompt and vigorous action toward quelling the Maya Indian uprising in the state of Yucatan and territory of Quintana Roo.

—o—

A cyclone has devastated a large

region around Ogliastra, Sardinia.

Orchards, vineyards and the grain crops

were destroyed, buildings were levelled, and numbers of cattle and sheep

were killed.

—o—

When Colonel Roosevelt comes sailing home on June 18 Collector of Port William Loeb, Jr., and several hundred

loyal friends will meet him down the bay with three revenue cutters and escort him up to Manhattan.

—o—

The Barlow Studio will be closed

from July 1 to October 1. Come now

for your photographs.

PYTHIAN SISTERS

Hold an Enjoyable Social at the Castle Hall.

Tuesday evening the Pythian Sisters arranged a very enjoyable social at their hall, in honor of the Grand Chief, Mrs. Belle Ephlim, of Tangier, Ind. Miss Myrtle Morton was chairman of the committee having the social in charge, and the arrangements were well made. The evening was spent with readings, songs, instrumental music. The orchestra by the Standt family, and the special music by the Giele children, was especially enjoyed.

The Uniform Rank surprised the Sisters by attending the social in full uniform, adding much to the pleasure of the evening. The guest of honor, Mrs. Ephlim, was unavoidably prevented from reaching Seymour. While her absence was a source of regret, the members made the most of the evening, and had a very delightful time.

—o—

Mary Mack has returned to her

home at Milan, after a two weeks' visit here, the guest of her brother, John Mack, and family, of North Walnut street. Mr. Mack and daughter, Miss Helen, accompanied her home for a short visit.

—o—

Mrs. David Baird went to Columbus

this morning to be the guest of Mrs.

Margaret Lannan during the day and

to attend the convention of the Pythian Sisters there this evening. About

fifteen other members of the order will

go up this evening for the meeting.

—o—

Mrs. Thomas Farrell, who was in

jured in the B. & O. S.W. railroad

yards a few weeks ago, was taken to

Indianapolis this morning to the home

of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Green

Lynch. Mr. and Mrs. Lynch came

down from Indianapolis and accompa-

THE SINGING HEART.

I spoke a traveler on the road
Who smiled beneath his leaden load.
"How play you such a blithesome part?"—
"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

I questioned one whose path with pain
In the grim shadows long had lain,
"How fare you thus life's thorny smart?"—
"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

I cried to one whom adversity
Could not make bend the hardy knee,
"How such brave seeming? Tell the art!"—
"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

Friend, blest be thou if thou canst say
Upon the inevitable way
Whereon we fare, sans guide or chart—
"Comrade, I bear a singing heart!"

Bannard's Old Soldier

The hand-rail at the side of the steps leading down from the employment office was much worn. Hugh Bannard's eyes had dropped thoughtfully upon it as he came out of the door at the top of the street steps and paused to decide what to try next. Hundreds of hands, thousands, yes, tens of thousands of hands, must have touched that iron rail, going up or down.

Thousands of other job-hunters, just like himself, the young fellow thought, with that heavy feeling under his ribs which people call sinking of the heart—thousands of other had come here and gone away again, all looking for the chance to earn a living, most of them departing disappointed, as he was departing. The clerk inside had told him coldly that they could not place a quarter part of their applicants, an unusually frank statement. So it was a sort of Bridge of Sighs, this little stairway with the iron hand-rail, with the last depository for a fellow's vain hopes at the top end of it.

He looked out at the passing crowd. It was made up of men mostly, young and old men, passing, passing, passing below him. They were all business and professional men. They had work, every one of them, from that big, fine-looking fellow with the silk hat just alighting from the motor by the curb, who evidently was a person of consequence in the bank across the way, to the little chap with the flashy tie and the green fedora who was just coming out of the haberdasher's next door, on his gleeful way to the lunch-counter.

It was the twelfth day since he had first stepped into the Chicago streets, and they had been the most miserable twelve days of his life. It would have been bad enough to be homesick for the quiet Michigan home if he had been *enfin* somebody's counter or at somebody's office desk where he could earn his way. It was "tough," as he whispered under his breath, to be homesick "on nothing'a week."

It was the luncheon hour—at least, it seemed to be for most of these men. He had been trying not to think about food for himself. Indeed, it had become a serious question with him whether he could afford such a luxury at all to-day. He fingered one last small bill in his pocket, and remembered that his room rent would be due again on Monday—room rent for another week in advance. This was Friday. "If the folks at home knew," he thought, "wouldn't I get fed up this noon!"

Somebody had come out of the door behind him and was standing at his side. Something in the quiet pause of the other made Hugh look up quickly. He looked into a pair of pleasant, friendly grey eyes that were regarding him with interest through the glasses that covered them.

"Well, did you get a job?"

The man was not young. He was tall and rather slender, erect, but with the look of years upon him. His hair was white. He was smooth-shaven except for a grey mustache and a small goatee, which somehow at once suggested the old soldier to the boy.

"Oh, no, I didn't," Hugh said, brightly.

"Neither did I," said the man.

"Are you looking, too?" Hugh asked.

His eyes went over the other again involuntarily. There was something fine about the man. His face and his hands, as Hugh saw them now, had the peculiar silvered look that old people's faces and hands show sometimes, as if the skin were turning a satin-grey, too, like the hair. He was so straight, so quiet, so self-contained, and yet the corners of his eyes were wrinkling with a smile that opened his lips also in a frank sort of comradeship.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I've been looking quite a while. Nobody seems to want an old man."

He laughed a little, and Hugh was forgetful for an instant of his own troubles.

"They don't seem to want boys, either," he said, slowly. "I've been standing here watching all these men go by, and wondering why they all have jobs. They're like you and me, aren't they?"

"Many of them are like you," said the old man. "Not many like me."

Hugh felt a little choke coming into his throat. "A good many of them must know of other jobs that would do for both of us," he went on, hastily. "If we could only let them know that we need jobs—let 'em all know, I feel like shouting it out at them now, from the steps here, and waving my arms and telling them that I can work, too—that we can work."

The older man was the first to

move. "Well," he said, "I must be going on. We'll find a job all right. Keep a stiff upper lip." Suddenly he held out his hand. "Here's luck," he said, the genial smile coming out again clear.

"Here's luck to you," said Hugh, seizing the extended hand with boyish heartiness.

A moment later they had separated in the crowd, Hugh walking slowly toward the corner of the street, the other taking the opposite direction. The boy could still feel the touch of the man's hand on his. Such courage! If he had only been in a position to help! But the old man's brave words and the grasp of his hand had helped the boy.

Still, things were serious with him. He had exhausted all he knew the ways to get work. And nobody wanted him. What was it? He was not wholly without business experience. He had worked in stores, had reported for the newspaper, had handled a magazine agency at home. He had been considered an enterprising, capable young fellow in the village where his people lived.

When he had started off to look for work in Chicago, his friends had been ready to prophesy success for him. And he was failing—yes, that was the only word for it—failing as he had not believed anybody could fail who was in earnest.

"It's here!" he whispered to himself, as he plodded along with the crowd. "It's here—work—on all sides. I know there are jobs waiting for me. There's always a chance for



IT WAS NOT EASY TO FACE THAT STREET FULL OF CURIOUS EYES.

a fellow who can do good work, I know, and I ought to have courage if that old boy can keep it."

He looked about him with troubled eyes. If these men only knew! The wish that he could let them all know, every one, came back suddenly as he recalled his half-jesting words of a few moments before.

A stalwart figure in curiously colored garb passed him—a man in a purple coat. On the back of it, across the shoulders, were yellow letters:

Go to Boyne's Dental Parlors.

Teeth Filled Without Pain.

Hugh stared after the fellow. To his unaccustomed eyes the grotesque thing stood out from all its surroundings. And so strikingly did it fit into his thoughts that an idea leaped into his mind on the instant.

"I could do that!" he said, aloud.

A man who heard him turned to look curiously at him, but Hugh did not heed him. All the work and disappointment of the two weeks past, with the desperation that had risen at last from dreaded failure, served to make his resolution swift.

"I can do it, and I will!" he muttered. "I'll let 'em know about me."

He looked quickly about. A stationer's store was across the street. He crossed to it quickly. Inside, he bought a sheet of Bristol-board two feet square and borrowed a marking-brush.

In five minutes, working feverishly, he had made a sign of his own, and its announcement was clear:

I WANT A JOB.

The clerk who had lent him the brush watched him with amusement.

But Hugh, although conscious now that his face had reddened under observation, was of the mettle to put his head upon his breast and walk out into the sunlight, feeling that he was striking a last, forlorn blow.

It was not easy to face that street full of curious eyes, he found quickly; but he took his stand and looked into the faces of the men who turned to stare at him. Almost at once there was a laugh, then another.

Then the young fellow who had laughed first looked at Hugh's serious, flushed face, and grew sober. And that single recognition of his earnestness gave the boy courage again. He stood his ground and waited.

More and more the passing people looked at him. The big motor-car which he had noticed before was still at the curb, and he of the silk hat had come out to re-enter it and had spied the card-board sign. He was looking.

A woman passed and gazed wonderfully at the young fellow. She smiled as she went on. Two boys jeered and stopped to watch.

Then suddenly Hugh found himself looking up at the big motor-car again and realizing that the man in it was beckoning to him. The other's face was serious, too, and the boy obeyed the gesture.

The man's eyes were dark and keen. They looked straight into Hugh's as the boy stood beside the car, and he seemed to forget that the card-board sign was ludicrous. Hugh's heart beat hard. It could hardly be that success had come so quickly. But the big man was not slow to speak.

"If you want a job as bad as that," he said, tersely but kindly, "come to my office in the bank to-morrow morning at 9." He paused, and then smiled. "Ask for Mr. Freyne," he added, "and send in that sign as your card."

Hugh tried to thank him, but a chauffeur had cranked the engine and was climbing into the car as the other finished, and the banker turned to him with a direction.

A moment later the car had disappeared and the boy stood alone on the curb, taking the card from his breast and whispering excitedly over to himself the name of his new acquaintance, while he folded the Bristol-board carefully.

"I wish I knew where my old soldier is now," he thought, as he walked to the hired room. "Perhaps he'd try my scheme, too."

But a surprise awaited Hugh the next morning, when he arrived at the bank. He was ushered into a dimly lighted waiting-room, where a score of men and boys were waiting; and that their errand was similar to his was quickly evident from conversation overheard. Somewhat taken aback, he still told the story of his appointment with Mr. Freyne to the young man who had shown him in, and offered the folded cardboard as his credentials. He was reassured when the other seemed promptly to understand.

"Oh, you're the one, are you?" he asked. "Just wait a minute."

The young man disappeared through a glass door, and Hugh's spirits rose joyously. He looked around at the others with a natural sense of advantage fairly won over them by his little scheme of the day before. He did not know certainly that they were after the place that would be offered to him, but it seemed probable. They were seeking work. He felt a little twinge of regret at the thought that what was his good fortune would be theirs. And then all at once he found himself looking at a tall figure near the door, a figure of an old man with white hair and grizzled military goatee, who stood, hat in hand, waiting with the rest.

It was his friend of yesterday—his old soldier, as he had thought of him. He had not seen Hugh, or else had failed to recognize him. But the light from a hall window shone in strongly enough to bring out plainly his fine, patient, brave old face. And Hugh stood and stared at it with a sudden loss of his satisfaction of a moment before. Was his old soldier after this place, too?

The door at his side opened, and the young man who had taken his odd card to Mr. Freyne was beckoning him inside. With his mind full of confused speculations, he stepped into the presence of the banker.

The man laid down his papers as Hugh walked toward him. "Tell me about yourself," he said, briefly, without introduction.

The boy, conscious that brief response would please him, did so in a few words. When he finished his short narrative, the dark-eyed man seemed satisfied.

"All right," he said. "The young man who has sense enough to use such an idea as you did yesterday will use his brains wherever he is. You'll do."

The banker paused for an instant, and then went on:

"The only place we have open now is an usher's job in the banking-room. It pays twelve dollars a week, and will lead to better. We advertised yesterday for a man, but I saw your card and made up my mind you deserved a chance. Go into the next room and tell Mr. Chase I've hired you and that he may dismiss the others."

The fine dark eyes went back to the letters on the banker's desk. But Hugh still could not rejoice in his fortune. The banker's words had made the situation clear to him, and as that gentleman ended, the face of the grey old man out there in the waiting-room—who was presently to be sent away disappointed—rose before him and blotted out other things.

"I can do it, and I will!" he muttered. "I'll let 'em know about me."

He looked quickly about. A stationer's store was across the street. He crossed to it quickly. Inside, he bought a sheet of Bristol-board two feet square and borrowed a marking-brush.

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but he took his stand and looked into the faces of the men who turned to stare at him. Almost at once there was a laugh, then another.

The banker noted his pause and looked up. "Well?" he said, a little sharply. And Hugh's mind was made up.

"Mr. Freyne," he said, quickly, "you are very kind, and I appreciate your offering me this place. But I have a—a friend—who needs it more than I do. It seems to be a place that requires no special training, and he can fill it. In fact, I'm quite sure he'll be a better man than I for it. Won't you do?"

The banker was surprised, but his eyes turned suddenly curious as he looked at Hugh. "Well?" he said. And then he laughed. "Who is your friend? What's his name?"

The boy started to answer the first question eagerly, but he stopped short at the second. His name? He did not know it, of course. And what would the banker think? He hesitated. And then suddenly realizing that he was spoiling it all by sheer stupidity, he burst out abruptly with the uncolored truth.

"I don't know his name," he said. "never saw him till yesterday. But he needs this job." And then, his brain firing with his feeling, he told the story in swift words that his genuine emotion made vivid, even to the description of the old man's appearance and bearing.

The banker heard him through in silent attention.

"And you want to give up your job to a stranger, do you?" he asked. "You admit you know nothing of the man, and yet you want me to hire him. Who vouched for him to you?"

"If you will see him, you'll know he doesn't need anybody to vouch for him!" exclaimed Hugh. "I know he's honest. I know—"

But Mr. Freyne touched a button on his desk. To the clerk who responded, he said, "Ask the old gentleman with the goatee, in the waiting-room, to come in here." Then he turned again to Hugh. "I'll take him on your recommendation, Mr. Bannard," he said, using Hugh's name for the first time. But Hugh was embarrassed now. "Please don't let him see me," he said, hastily. "He might understand. I'll go."

He turned toward the door. But the banker spoke promptly and decidedly "No," he said, "you stay here. Wait in Mr. Chase's room, if you like, but I've hired you, if you remember. And I'm not inclined to think your ways merit discharge—yet. There's room for more of your kind in this bank."

Hugh turned to look at him, and saw that the other was on his feet and that his face was alight. But just then the waiting-room door opened again, and the boy was forced to make his exit quickly. In the backward glance, however, as he stepped into the cashier's private room, he caught a glimpse of the face of his friend, and saw that the look was now a cheerful one.—*Youth's Companion.*

LEAST IMPOSING TITLE OF ANY.

Belongs to the Monarch of the Greatest Kingdom on Earth.

Most of the crowned heads of Europe revel in a multiplicity of styles and dignities, but apart from mere peerages the ruler of the mightiest empire the world has ever seen has to be content with the simple formula: "Edward VII., by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

Even in these titles the reference to the Britons over seas was added only on the present King's accession, and the style of Emperor of India was conferred on the British sovereign late in Queen Victoria's reign. Queen Victoria was crowned simply "Of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith," though on some of the early coinage of her reign—the north, for instance—she is styled "By the Grace of God of all the Britains Queen, Defender of the Faith"—a fine, dignified and comprehensive style.

Besides his regal appellation the King has of course many lesser titles, but even these are not nearly so numerous as in the case of most foreign potentates.

When one turns to other monarchs the list appears very trivial, the German Emperor, for instance, enjoying the luxury of 75 subordinate titles, the King of Spain 42, the Emperor of Austria 61 and the Sultan of Turkey 82.

The Sultan of Turkey's various styles are somewhat amusing to the western mind. He is, of course, Sultan and Kha-Khan (high prince and lord of lords) to start with; then he claims sovereignty over most districts, towns, cities and states in the east, specifying each by name and setting out with great deliberation in each of his various titles, "all the forts, citadels, purleus and neighborhood thereof," in regular legal form, and finally his official designation ends, "Sovereign also of divers other nations, states, peoples and races on the face of the earth." All this is of course in addition to his high position as "Head of the Faithful" and "Supreme Lord of all the Followers of the Prophet," "Direct and Only Lieutenant on Earth of Mohammed."

The Bomb Man.

Lecocq the detective ordered a fourth egg nogg.

"Bomb men are the pest of Russia," he said. "As we have green goods men here, so they have bomb men there."

"You, for instance, are a farmer, Stepan Stepanovitch. You come to Petersburg to see the sights, and suddenly a man thrusts his hands in your pocket and says:

"Cursed aristocrat! I have placed a bomb in your trousers. Move a muscle and it will go off."

"You stand perfectly still. You are half dead with fright. After ten minutes or so, though, you collect enough courage to ask a passer-by if he will please remove very carefully the bomb placed in your pocket by an Anarchist, and the passer-by draws forth gingerly a brick."

THE BUGLE SONG.

HE went away to the war that day. To the swinging bugle song; All stanch and true in his suit of blue, And sturdy, brave and strong. 'Mid the tramp of feet and the loud drum beat, And the ringing of the cheers, There were none to see such a one as she. Who could not see for tears.

And back again came the marching men, With the bugle singing still; Yet the music's surge was a sighing dirge, All sad and slow and shrill,

For a woman wept, and a soldier slept In the dreamless, silent sleep;

And the bugle song had a measure wrong For the buglers sometimes weep.

And the bugles' lure while the years endure Will coax them to the line,

And the liltin strains on the hills and plains Still echo fair and fine.

But the suits of blue, and the sabers, too, And the worn and battered caps, Will tell some maid what the bugle played

When it sighed the song of "Taps." —Baltimore American.

A DARING RIDE.

Feat of a Union Officer That Won Confederate Cheers.

One morning in February, said General Wesley Merritt, my division of cavalry started with instructions to discover the extent of Lee's forces on the Rapidan without bringing on a general engagement. In due time we found ourselves face to face with the enemy and the river between. A lively skirmish with small arms began, but the result was insignificant. The enemy declined to show force beyond what was necessary to engage our skirmish line. The breastworks were long and formidable, but whether they were occupied by few or many soldiers our ingenious plans failed to discover.

It was finally decided that the only way to make the enemy show force was to try to cross the ford in our front. If this succeeded, the enemy was to be driven out of his works if possible; if not, he would drive us back across the ford, probably with severe loss to our troops. Reluctantly, under these conditions, the division was organized for the work.

Leading the advance guard, which consisted of a squadron of cavalry, was Captain Ash. His instructions contemplated that only his advance guard should cross. It was hoped that this maneuver would draw the enemy from behind the breastworks and cause him to display his force. Ash advanced with his squadron amid the

THEY DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

THEY died for their country. Maybe we don't appreciate what this means. Living amidst peace and plenty; enjoying all the ease and comforts of happy homes; often too busy with personal concerns to give even the few minutes a year necessary for attendance at the primary and general elections, whereby officials are chosen and policies of government selected and enforced, we know nothing of the horrors and sacrifices of war.

"They died for their country." Not always the quick death that comes to crown a fit of spasmodic devotion, but in most instances after years of great privation; ill-fed; ill-clad; fever-racked; reduced by hardship and stress of life in camp and on the march until death was welcome in its promise of relief—or else it was after frightful months in hellish prison pens or overcrowded hospitals, ending torture neither to be described nor comprehended.

"They died for their country." What death means, even at best, few can realize until it strikes home. These men went away from their unprotected wives and children, for whose future provision had not been made. They died, but their death was merciful in contrast with the long suspense, then the agony and afterward the pitiful struggle of those tender ones whom it threw penniless upon the cold mercies of the world. Make the case your own in imagination. Conceive of your wife and your babies put to that ordeal. You might be willing to forfeit life yourself in some great, inspiring cause, but the contemplation of what it would mean to the loved ones left behind might properly give pause to the boldest man.

"They died for their country." But for what they and their comrades did, think what America would be to-day. Not the great, rich leader among the nations, but a bunch of snarling States, each jealous and possibly envious of the other, a prey to strife or gross ambition, and the whole fine experiment of freedom ruined, for us and for mankind.

Can we pay them too much honor? Shall we begrudge memorial attentions? Ought we not to burn with shame at the selfishness which coolly appropriates the rich fruits of their great sacrifices and then forgets even the fading flower in garland on their tomb?

waved it over his head. It was a signal of triumph.

To our amazement the Confederates, moved by admiration, ceased firing. Instead, they mounted on their breastworks as thick as they could stand, throwing their hats into the air, cheered him again and again.

Ash reined up his horse and, turning toward the Confederates, raised his hat in a graceful salute. Then he rode leisurely into our own lines, amid the cheers of both sides. He had accomplished the work without the loss of a man and had for himself seen and displayed to every one else a full force of infantry occupying the Confederate works.

Captain Ash said afterward that he had not thought of the scheme of drawing out the enemy's force until he had reached the brink of the river and seen the great number who occupied the works. To go on meant certain death to many of his command; to retreat in the direct line of fire was equally disastrous, and the inspiration to act suddenly seized him.

A Young Patriot.

The veterans were parading in large numbers, and John and his mother stood at the window watching them march by. How like a hero every old veteran looked! And how tattered and scarred the battleflags seemed as they

and smoke of bygone battles. Very soon there came among the veterans a little girl perched on the shoulder of her soldier papa. Her golden curls floated in the breeze and her eye sparkled as she clapped her hands to the music of "Marching Through Georgia."

John was watching her with delight when he became aware of an ugly mumble near him, and before any one in the crowd quite understood what was happening the owner of the ugly voice stepped out and tripped the soldier carrying the child.

A murmur of horror came from the onlookers as the soldier swayed. Quick as a flash John rushed in between the tramp and the falling man, and catching the girl in his arms saved both father and child from being prostrated.

The tramp was quickly disposed of and little golden-locks restored to her papa, but John had disappeared in the crowd, eager to escape thanks. The mother, watching from the window, saw and understood. "Thank God," she sighed; "he will love his country and live for her."

A Peace Hymn of the Republic.

There's a voice across the nation like a mighty ocean hail, borne up from the southward as the seas before the gale; Its breath is in the streaming flag and in the flying sail As we go sailing on.

'Tis a voice that we remember, ere its summons soothed as now, When it rang in battle challenge and we answered vow with vow, With roar of gun and bliss of sword and crash of prow and prow As we went sailing on.

Our hope sank, even as we saw the sun sink faint and far; The ship of state went groping through the blinding smoke of war—Through blackest midnight lurching, all uncheered of moon and star, Yet sailing, sailing on.

As One who spake the dead awake, with lifeblood leaping warm, Who walked the troubled waters, all unsathed, in mortal form, We felt our Pilot's presence with His hand upon the storm As we went sailing on.

O voice of passion lulled to peace, this dawning of to-day! O voices twain now blent as one, ye sing all fears away Since foe and foe are friends, and, lo, the Lord as glad as they— He sends us sailing on.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Unsentimental.

A veteran of the Civil war was asked if he felt that interest in Memorial day was dying. He answered the question with a question:

"You will die, won't you? Nothing lasts forever. It's natural that this change should come."

"Then you aren't indignant that a feeling of indifference should be manifested by a younger generation?"

The old soldier said:

"No. Why should I be? I don't care a fig. Talking about the war won't make heroes. I dare say if there was an occasion for it the young men of to-day would make as good a record as they made forty years ago. But you can't expect young people to day to feel about the war the way we older fellows do. They aren't close enough to it."

"I know that's so, because when I was a boy I was just about as far away from the war of 1812 as you are from the Civil war, and I know people didn't take any account of it. It's just as well, it seems to me. War is a bad remedy—necessary sometimes, but bad, all the same."

"Naturally I don't like to see the observance of Memorial day becoming more slack. It is an indication of the advance of time—nothing more. You can't say it shows deficient patriotism, for it's simply human nature, and I can't see that we're any different from what we've ever been."

"People aren't any more selfish than they ever were. It seems to me that they are just the same. The old soldiers have had a good deal done for them."—New York Evening Post.

stillness of death. The skirmish firing was hushed, and the silence which prevailed showed that the enemy was intent on keeping us in ignorance of its numbers and determined to make as pay heavily for information.

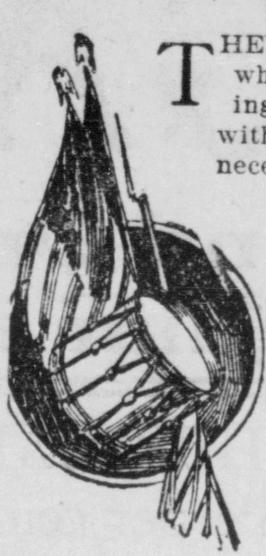
The anxiety was intense. We knew that when the enemy opened fire at short range our loss would be great and that the advance guard must be the first and greatest sufferers. Ash, with his small command, moved on. The works in front, gloomy, silent, denuded, seemed deserted. The men started to cross the ford, and Ash pushed on ahead. He gained a point of vantage where, because of a turn in the river, he could see the interior of the breastworks.

Just then the Confederates opened fire with a withering volley. Suddenly Ash commanded his squadron to retreat, while he, bending forward on his horse's neck, rode at a rapid gallop along the river bank parallel to the breastworks, followed, as he came up, by each new part of the works, with volley after volley.

There seemed no hope for him, and we waited in intense anxiety. On he kept in spite of the storm of lead. Then, as he reached a point where his view of the Confederate lines was still more extended, he raised his hat and

Please, mother, may I go down and stand on the curb; I'd love to be closer?"

His mother gave consent, and in another minute John stood close to the passing soldiers and the flags, and he fancied he could smell the powder



THEY DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

Old Favorites

Little Nell of Narragansett Bay. Oh, well do I remember My boyhood's happy hours, The cottage and the garden Where bloomed the fairest flowers—The bright and sparkling waters O'er which we used to sail, With hearts so gay, for miles away, Before the gentle gale.

Chorus—
Toll, toll the bell,
At early dawn of day,
For lovely Little Nell,
So quickly passed away;
Toll, toll the bell,
So sad and mournfully,
For bright-eyed, laughing Little Nell
Of Narragansett Bay.

Oh, I had a dear companion,
But she is not with me now;
The lily of the valley
Is waving o'er her brow,
And I am sad and lonely,
Weeping all the day,
For bright-eyed, laughing Little Nell
Of Narragansett Bay.

Oh, I loved the little beauty,
And my boat was all my pride;
And with Nell close beside me.
What joy the foam to ride;
She would laugh in tones so merry
To see the waves go by,
As wildly blew the stormy wind,
Or murky was the sky.

Though Lightning flashed around us,
And all was dark and drear,
We loved the brave old ocean,
And never dreamed of fear;
The hours bounded onward,
The boat dashed through the spray,
With bright-eyed, laughing Little Nell
Of Narragansett Bay.

But one day from us she wandered,
And was soon within the boat;
The cord was quickly loosened
As out the tide did float;
The little bark flew lightly
And swept before the wind,
Till land and home and friends so dear
Were many miles behind.

Next day her form all lifeless
Was washed upon the beach;
I stood and gazed upon it,
Bereft of sense and speech;
'Tis years since thus we parted,
But still I weep to-day,
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell
Of Narragansett Bay.

HOW ENGLAND GOT IN DEBT.

Was the Outcome of 22 Years' Struggle With France.

Too Lloyd-George program of public finance, whose promulgation a year ago precipitated the most remarkable fiscal controversy in the history of modern England, was the logical outcome of a situation which has long been in process of development. Speaking broadly, says Frederic Austin Ogg in the American Review of Reviews, it was during England's twenty-two-year contest with republican France and with Napoleon that the nation was started upon the career of indebtedness, public expenditure and augmented taxation which has led straight to the fiscal complications of the present day.

The struggle with the French was easily the costliest of all modern wars. Upon it Great Britain expended the sum of £831,500,000 (\$4,157,000,000)—very much more than the aggregate outlay of the nation upon all other wars in which it has had a part since the times of Oliver Cromwell. The consequence was threefold. In the first place the national debt, which in 1792 stood at £237,000,000, was augmented by upward of £622,000,000. In the second place there was a great leap upward on the part of the ordinary recurring expenditures. After 1815 the army and navy called for an outlay of from three to four times the amounts allocated to these services in Pitt's frugal budget prior to the war; while the annual interest charge upon the debt had come to be no less than £32,000,000, or upward of twice the total public expenditure for all purposes in 1792. A third consequence of the war outlay was the piling up of taxation beyond all precedent, so that a yield of £19,260,000 in 1792 had been raised by 1815 to £74,500,000. And although after the restoration of peace there was some remission of taxation, so that by 1818 the yield had been reduced to £59,500,000, far the larger part of the burden imposed by the costs of the French wars has been carried by the taxpayer of the realm from that day to this. But for interest charges imposed by Camperdown and Trafalgar and Waterloo, Mr. Lloyd-George would have had ample means a year ago for the paying of pensions to the aged and the building of new Dreadnaughts without the necessity of additional taxation at all.

To the Critic Higher Up.
There may be small excuse for it, You may have little use for it, And curl your super-story lip in suspicious way; You may regard it banefully, And pass it up disdainfully, But when it gets the money wotnot have you to say?—Chicago Tribune.

The Beggar Part.

"Your wife looks charming to-night, Mr. Blinkers," remarked the hostess at the reception. "Her new costume simply beggars description."

"Well, I don't know as to that," rejoined Blinkers, "but it almost beggars me."—Chicago Tribune.

Flossie—Who gave you away when you were married?

Rosetta—My young brother. After the ceremony he shouted out, "I say, Rosette; you've got him now!"—Comic Cuts.

The Expose.

Flossie—Who gave you away when you were married?

Rosetta—My young brother. After the ceremony he shouted out, "I say, Rosette; you've got him now!"—Comic Cuts.

About all some people do for a living is to give receipts for money.

NEW YORK'S GRUB STREET.

A Single Block of Real "East" that Is Without a Rival.

The initial block of Ann street is the real "grub" street of New York. This street is properly named in the modern sense of the word, as only "grub" is sold there, not "food" or "vivands." There the standard of value is a cent, and for seven cents one can get quite a meal. Practically all the patrons and all the "grub merchants" are boys. Men are rare there. They pass through the block on business or occasionally stop at the stands, where old books are sold, but they seldom drop into any of the little restaurants. There is nothing to prevent their doing so, and occasionally a lover of cheap grub has tried it. But it is seldom that he repeats the experiment. The "kids" make it altogether too hot for him with their audible comments. Grub street is theirs and they propose to keep it so.

Newsboys, messenger boys, office boys and boys from a hundred plants and factories round about fill the street and these little restaurants for an hour before and an hour after noon-day. The boy with seven cents to spend on a single meal is a millionaire of the moment. He is not often met with. The boy that makes up by far the greater part of the jostling, young crowd that is replete with witicism and hard "knocks" both of the tongue and of the fist, is the "gink" that but three cents to spend, or possibly four. On this he does very well, however.

In these little restaurants the price of a sandwich is three cents, a sandwich which, if you are a boy, will make your mouth water. Two of these sandwiches are sold for four cents, though. Here the "kid" is early taught the value of modern business methods and of combination. You will hear him calling out in a businesslike tone, "Who wants ter go in wid muh for a sandwich?" Any boy who really means it has no trouble at all in finding a side partner for the purchase. Pie is sold ordinarily for four cents. That is, a boy can buy an entire pie for that figure, though half a one costs three. Hence it is another of the lunch-time methods for a boy to "split" a pie with some one else.

Probably there are not half a dozen knives and forks in all Grub street. Grub street has its own code of ethics and its own peculiar ways. It suits its customers precisely—that is all that is to be said. In Grub street the customer's coffee is sugared and his bread is buttered before being handed out. Even spoons are barred. When a boy buys coffee it is sugared and stirred for him, and all he has to do is to drink it.

AMERICANS DO LOVE CANDY.

Astonishing Increase in Manufacture and Capital Employed.

Fifty years ago the candy of the country was almost invariably hard and coarse, and much of it unwholesome. Now the making of it has become a fine art and the wizard of confection and flavoring has a fortune at his command. Pure candy, in moderate quantities, is no longer regarded as a menace to the healthy stomach. It has been sent to the American soldiers at Manila, and to British soldiers in the Transvaal, while we have a recent unconfirmed tradition that the lure of the gumdrop will enlist an Eskimo in almost any service. As candy takes its place among the articles that go to make up high living, we may assume, says the Boston Transcript, that its consumption, even per capita, is steadily on the increase. To know just how much of it we are eating at the present time we must await the new census figures. Not since 1905 have we had official information to guide us, and subsequent developments must be largely guesswork.

But between 1900 and 1905 the candy factories of the country increased from 947 to 1,348, considerably more than 40 per cent. The capital invested, however, more than doubled, and the value of the finished product increased nearly 50 per cent. The government estimate of the value of the entire production of big and little factories five years ago was over \$16,000,000, and this did not include "fudge" parties, old-fashioned candy pulls and similar activities of amateur confectioners. In the last government census fourteen cities are put down as manufacturing more than half the candy made in the United States. Greater New York naturally stands first, Philadelphia second, Chicago third and Boston fourth, though Cambridge has the honor of standing twelfth, coming in ahead of Atlanta and Cleveland. Boston's position is an honorable one, and for quality it might well be put at the front, because it is no unusual thing for New York people to send to this city when something particularly choice is desired.

The postmaster general of Egypt, who has inspected the new borings in the Jezah oil fields, states that the discovery is of the greatest importance to Egypt and the Sudan. The flow of the well in question was estimated at three barrels a minute.

When a widow in Oklahoma needs the wages her son of school age might earn the state pays the mother the amount and the boy continues in school. The women of Oklahoma are now trying to have the same law passed for daughters.

The Iowa agricultural experiment station has found out that on railroads running east and west it is necessary to plant a different kind of grass on the north side of embankments from the south side, because of the different amount of sunlight that each side receives.

Turkey has only one university, that of Constantinople, with

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1910

FLOCKING TO
INDIANAPOLISBirdmen Gather For Next
Week's Events.

WRIGHT MACHINES ON HAND

The Dayton Flyers and Their Trained Teams of Aviators in Readiness For Spectacular Flights That Are Expected to Be Made Next Week—Many Other Machines Are Being Put in Shape For the Event.

Indianapolis, June 8.—Two Wright aeroplanes arrived yesterday and were taken to the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, where the work of placing them in shape for flight was immediately begun. Three more Wright aeroplanes are expected to arrive today from Dayton. The Wright team of aviators includes A. L. Webb, E. F. Brookins, E. P. Coffey, Archie Hoxey, Duval La-chappelle and Ralph Johnston.

Judge Supreme Court, Second District—Oscar H. Montgomery, Seymour. Judge Supreme Court, Third District Robert M. Miller, Franklin. Judge Appellate Court, First District—Cassius C. Hadley, Danville; Ward H. Watson, Charlestown.

Judges of the Appellate Court, Second District—Daniel W. Comstock, Richmond; Joseph M. Rabb, Williamsport; Harry B. Tuthill, Michigan City.

THE MODERN NEWSPAPER.

With the great advancement in all lines of business during the past few years has come a marked improvement in the character of the modern newspaper. It is realized more today than ever before that the newspaper is an influential factor in the molding of public opinion, and it is necessary, therefore, that the quality of the material which fills the columns should be of the highest possible standard.

Recently the editor of the Louisville Herald, in a pamphlet published under the name of the "Aspirations of the Editor," said: "The era in which we live has so raised the general standard of knowledge and appreciation that it is no longer necessary to prostitute ideals in order to be popular. We look upon it as an important function of the press to co-operate in the upward trend of public thought, and to encourage, by sustaining always a broad and cultured outlook upon the world, every movement which makes for a higher, cleaner and better type of citizenship." Expressions of this nature, we believe, are worthy of commendation.

While it is undoubtedly the true object of a newspaper to relate the current events, we feel that they should be given in the best possible manner, emphasizing those features which tend to elevate, and minimizing occurrences which are a detriment to the best interests of the community. The ideal newspaper of the present day endeavors to present the facts of the stories, which are worth while, in a bright and snappy manner, but finds no place on its pages for the sensational and questionable article, which properly belongs to the yellow newspaper, which is rapidly receiving the disapproval of the reading public.

MAD MULLAH SLAIN

Somaliland's Chronic Disturber Ceases From Troubling.

London, June 8.—The Standard says that the notorious Mullah, Mohamed Abdulah, who long troubled Great Britain and Italy in Somaliland, was cap-



THE MAD MULLAH.

tured in a recent fight at Hardega by friendly natives and shot. His death has left his followers without a leader.

ITALY SHAKEN

Large Loss of Life Reported Due to Severe Earthquake.

Rome, June 8.—Full and reliable details of the earthquake are still lacking. The center of the disturbance was toward the region of Montevulture, which has been known since Strabo's time to be a dormant volcano, but seismologists unanimously exclude a volcanic origin for the present convulsion. The non-volcanic nature of the earthquake explains the variously affected area, which includes the provinces of Avellino, Benevento, Caserta, Naples, Foggia and Campobasso. The houses that were wrecked were mostly occupied by peasants. The entire quarter known as Castello is reported to be a pile of ruins, recalling Messina. The houses at the top of the hill fell in ruinous heaps. Reports put the number of deaths at Calitri at forty. Official confirmation cannot be obtained. The number of injured is small in proportion to those killed, probably because a majority fled at the first tremor and escaped unscathed. Those who delayed were overwhelmed.

From incomplete and unconfirmed accounts of the destruction elsewhere it seems there was great damage. Five persons were killed at San Fole. Several buildings fell or were damaged at Accadia, where some people were injured.

SINGER

Sewing Machines sold and rented on easy terms. All kinds of repairs kept in stock. Call and test the machine for yourself at

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No. 10 E. Second St. Seymour, Ind.
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Henry J. Cordes

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Ladies' and Gent's clothes cleaned and made to look like new. All work guaranteed.

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SEYMORE, INDIANA.

WHERE IS WOOD?

This Question Applies to Former Member of Indianapolis Council.

Indianapolis, June 8.—John F. Wood, former member of the common council, is missing and his wife and father-in-law declare that they know nothing of his whereabouts. Wood was in the real estate business, and two months ago sold a half interest to a man named West, from Missouri. West claims that the business was misrepresented and that a week ago he demanded his money back and Wood promised to find a man who would take the half interest off his hands. That was the last seen of him. There is an indictment pending against him for an alleged crooked real estate deal, and he is under three bonds of \$1,000 each to appear in criminal court.

Fall From Train to Death.

Shelbyville, Ind., June 8.—Jack Marhar, aged thirty, of Cincinnati, was killed near Swamp Creek when he fell from a Big Four passenger train on which he was beating his way.

BARGAINS

One-Half and One-Third Off Regular Price

We place on Sale THURSDAY, JUNE 9, our stock of DRESS SKIRTS, at 33½ per cent. or ½ less than regular price, materials of Panama, Wool Taffeta, Serge and Mohair Cloths, shades of Blue, Black, Gray, Tan and Mixed Novelty Cloth. Styles in both plain and pleated, also trimmed, the line contains several different styles and qualities.

Come while you can get the selection and size.

\$2.98 quality one third off	-	\$1.99	\$5.00 quality one third off	-	\$3.34
\$3.50 quality one third off	-	\$2.34	\$7.00 quality one third off	-	\$4.67
\$4.50 quality one third off	-	\$3.00	\$10.00 quality one third off	-	\$6.67

White Shirt Waist Bargains.

We place on sale six dozen White Shirt Waists, materials of Linon Finnish, India Linon, Flaxon and Lingerie. Styles in plain Tailored and fancy lace trimmed. AT ONE HALF REGULAR PRICE.

98c quality one half off	-	47c
\$1.25 quality one half off	-	63c
\$1.50 quality one half off	-	75c
\$2.00 quality one half off	-	\$1.00
\$2.50 quality one half off	-	\$1.25

Be sure of selection as we do not exchange these garments at this price.

Ladies' Tailored Suits

One Half Price.

We offer our entire stock of Tailored Suits, all colors and the latest styles at one half regular price.

Coats of same made in 26 to 36 inch lengths, skirts in both plain and pleated.

\$10.00 suits one half off	-	\$5.00
\$15.00 suits one half off	-	\$7.50
\$20.00 suits one half off	-	\$10.00
\$25.00 suits one half off	-	\$12.50

Special bargains in Wash Goods, Silks, Wool Dress Goods, Trimmings, and Dress Accessories.

SEYMORE DRY GOODS CO.

104 SOUTH CHESTNUT STREET

RICHARD PARR

Faithful Treasury Official
Gains Rich Reward.

THE TREASURY WILL PAY PARR'S REWARD

Officer Who Unearthed Sugar Trust Frauds.

cided to submit the whole question to Attorney General Wickersham. Mr. Wickersham has gone over the case within the last few days and is about ready to give out his decision.

While \$100,000 is regarded as a big reward, it was recalled here that Parr is said to have had an offer of that much from the sugar trust if he would "disappear." Such a sum is to be granted, too, because of the expected beneficial effect upon the government service.

BOTH CLAIMING IT

Returns in Iowa's Primary Election Far From Complete.

Des Moines, Ia., June 8.—Incomplete returns from over the state indicate that in the primary election Tuesday Governor B. F. Carroll, standpatter, has been renominated over Warren Garst, the insurgent candidate. The Carroll managers claim 18,000 majority. The Garst managers insist that complete returns will change the result and show Garst the winner by 10,000.

Returns on congressman indicate that Congressman J. A. T. Hull of the Seventh district, standpatter, and chairman of the house military committee, apparently has been defeated by S. F. Prouty, progressive. In the Ninth, Congressman Walter I. Smith, standpatter, is an easy winner over Howard W. Byers, progressive. C. R. Porter of Centerville has evidently been nominated for governor by the Democrats.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock. Wheat—Wagon, 98c; No. 2 red. 99c. Corn—No. 2, 58c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 35c. Hay—Baled, \$14.50 @ 16.50; timothy, \$15.00 @ 16.50; mixed, \$12.50 @ 13.50. Cattle—\$4.00 @ 8.00. Hogs—\$7.50 @ 9.45. Sheep—\$2.50 @ 4.50. Lambs—\$6.00 @ 8.00. Receipts—\$7,500 hogs; 1,300 cattle; 400 sheep.

At Cincinnati.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.12. Corn—No. 2, 62c. Oats—No. 2, 39c. Cattle—Steers, \$5.00 @ 8.60; stockers and feeders, \$3.00 @ 6.45. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 9.45. Sheep—\$5.50 @ 7.40. Lambs—\$7.25 @ 8.60.

At Chicago.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.03½. Corn—No. 2, 63c. Oats—No. 2, 37½c. Cattle—Steers, \$6.75 @ 8.30. Hogs—\$6.75 @ 9.45. Sheep—\$4.60 @ 5.75. Lambs—\$7.50 @ 8.25.

At St. Louis.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.16. Corn—No. 2, 60½c. Oats—No. 2, 37½c. Cattle—Steers, \$6.75 @ 8.30. Hogs—\$6.75 @ 9.45. Sheep—\$4.60 @ 5.75. Lambs—\$7.50 @ 8.25.

At East Buffalo.

Wheat—\$4.25 @ 8.60. Hogs—\$6.00 @ 9.75. Sheep—\$4.00 @ 5.75. Lambs—\$8.00 @ 8.25.

PENNSYLVANIA LINES

Indianapolis

\$1 Excursion

SUNDAY

June 12th account Annual German Lutheran Celebration. Leave Seymour 7:30 a.m.

Velvet

A clear complexion and a velvet skin are some of the desired results of the use of Nyal Face Cream. Use it for all skin troubles. Price 25 cents.

Talcum, Toilet Water, Soaps and Perfumes are now in order. Inspect our stock.

Cox Pharmacy Co.

Weithoff

For cleaning, pressing and dyeing of Men and Women's garments. All kinds of fancy and chemical cleaning. Dresses a specialty. Silks and woolens made to look like new. Work the very best and prices the cheapest. Phone 383 and we will call for and deliver. Service prompt.

SUNBURST FLOUR

75 Cents Per Sack

AT YOUR GROCERY

SUDIE MILLS MATLOCK

Piano Teacher, Res. Studio: 521 N. Chestnut St. SEYMORE, INDIANA.

THE HUB THE HUB THE HUB THE HUB THE HUB THE HUB

Straw Hats

The Straw Hat Season is Here—So is the BEST LINE Ever Shown in Seymour.

We have all our better Hats made to order so they fit the head as comfortable as a Felt Hat, and do not have that disagreeable feeling most Straw Hats have.

Sailor Styles \$1 to \$3.50
Nobby Soft Dip Fronts \$1 to \$5
Panamas \$4 to \$7

THE HUB
 SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY

THE HUB THE HUB THE HUB THE HUB THE HUB THE HUB

WALL PAPER AT T.R.CARTER'S

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Buhner's Animal Fertilizer is a natural plant food and does not burn your crops. It will build humus in your soil. Humus will hold moisture. Acid fertilizer will sour your land and drive the humus out of the soil and burn your crops.

FEED OF ALL KINDS.

Full line of feed and meal, Graham flour, buckwheat flour, rye flour. Will exchange wheat and corn for flour or meal. Deliver to all parts of city G. H. ANDERSON.

INTERURBAN LUNCH ROOM.

Short orders a specialty. Fresh fish and good coffee. Coca-Cola, Ice Cream and Soda. Fruit and Candy of all kinds.

ICE AT
H. F. WHITE
PHONE NO. I

LUMBER AND PLANING MILL.

Manufacturers of high grade mill work, veneered doors and interior finish. Dealers in Lumber Shingles, Lath Sash, Doors and Blinds. Established in 1855. The Travis Carter Co. Phone 74.

HAIR DRESSING

Coronet Braids, Corona Pads, shampooing, massaging, manicuring, hot and cold water baths, with or without attendant. Also a big sale of hats now going on.

MRE. E. M. YOUNG.

REYNOLDS' GROCERY.

Carson's Poultry Tonic and Pratt's Poultry Food for sale here. Staple and fancy groceries. Canned goods a specialty. Fruits and vegetables in season. W. H. REYNOLDS.

We give this written guarantee with every Queen City Ring: "This is to certify that ring stamped Q-C purchased of T. M. Jackson is guaranteed to be solid gold and we guarantee to replace any sets free of charge except diamonds if lost in two years from date of sale."

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Pat H. Fletcher*

Prices

Sometimes deceiving when buying Jewelry. Our prices may sometimes seem high as the quality of the goods we carry always is high.

There is a difference in goods.

Genuine satisfaction never follows buying cheap Jewelry, on the other hand quality is remembered long after the price is forgotten. Reliability is everything.

You may expect to find new and desirable styles in every department. Come in.

S. S. Laupus, Jeweler

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Frank Stark spent Tuesday in North Vernon.

John Stuckish was here from Sauers this morning.

Miss Mabel Harris is the guest of friends in Indianapolis.

J. C. Trembley was here from Columbus Tuesday evening.

O. P. Montgomery was here from Columbus this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Faulkner went to Chicago this morning.

H. C. Johnson was a passenger to Indianapolis this morning.

Meade W. Pierson, of Indianapolis, was in the city this morning.

Nellie Standiford, of Tunnelton, was in this city Tuesday evening.

Jay C. Smith made a short business trip to Columbus this morning.

Mrs. Charles Green is visiting relatives in Shoals for a few days.

Charles Pauley, of Redding township, was in the city this morning.

Elder Samuel Hobson, of Aeme, was in the city a short time this morning.

Mrs. Frank Adams went to Hayden Tuesday for a short visit with relatives.

Mrs. Hettie Steinberger went to Brownstown this morning on a short business trip.

Mrs. S. Z. Cross is visiting her son, the Rev. S. J. Cross, and family, in Evansville.

Dr. S. W. Shields, of Brownstown, was in the city this morning en route to Indianapolis.

Dr. L. C. Sammons, of Shelbyville, was here yesterday and went to Louisville last night.

Elder James Hawn, of Redding township, was transacting business in the city this morning.

Mrs. Oscar Mayes and daughter returned home from a trip south on the I. & L. traction line.

Carl Moritz, who is a patrolman on the Pennsylvania line, was here from Columbus this morning.

Thomas Farrell went to Muncie this morning, where he is employed in the American Chair Factory.

Mrs. Walter Garvey and daughter, Miss Edith, went to Columbus this morning to spend the day.

Miss Clara Massman was a passenger to Cullman, Ala., Tuesday evening, over the Pennsylvania lines.

Miss Bertelle, the vocalist from ville, was here today giving lessons to the various members of her class.

Division Superintendent John C. Hagerty, of the B. & O. S-W., was here from Cincinnati Tuesday evening.

Thomas J. Stanfield, of the Enterprise Lumber Company, left for Corinth, Miss., Tuesday evening, on a business trip.

Mis Maggie Sanders, who has been the guest of Miss Amanda Baird, has returned to Marion, where she is attending normal school.

Miss Helen Milburn and brother, Albert Milburn, have returned home from Cincinnati, after a visit with relatives for several weeks.

Mrs. G. G. Graessle and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, left Tuesday morning for Randolph Kan., where they will spend several weeks with relatives.

Miss Maggie McCafferty returned to her home at North Vernon this morning, after spending a week here, the guest of the family of Michael Rinehart.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Keach, of West Second street, went to Tampico this morning in their automobile, where Mrs. Keach will remain to spend a week with friends.

Frank Smith, Will G. Irvin and Charles Baker, of Columbus, were here a short time Tuesday afternoon on an inspection tour for the L. C. & Traction Company.

Mrs. Edward Ogle, of Dallas Tex., and Mrs. Louisa Foster, of Guthrie, Okla., are visiting in Reddington, having been called there on account of the illness of Mrs. James Marsh.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Jones, who were here from Washington, D. C., the guests of his brother, Frank Jones, and family, left yesterday for Nevada to visit their son, who resides there.

Hermon Oberring, of near the Oting school house in Washington township, was in the city this morning, getting lumber and other supplies for the new residence which he has in course of construction.

Sustains Motion to Dismiss.

Marion, Ind., June 8.—Judge P. H. Elliott of the Grant superior court sustained the motion to dismiss the complaint and cross-complaint in the divorce suit of William R. Krauss against Rae M. Krauss, and by the consent of counsel, all of the costs were assessed against the plaintiff. This ends the Krauss divorce matter so far as the Grant superior court is concerned.

The Deadly Soda Tank.

Asbury Park, N. J., June 8.—By the explosion of a highly charged soda water tank in the Mt. Clair Mineral Water works, David Katz, who had just bought the place, was instantly killed. Katz's head was blown off. The exploding tank shot through an apartment overhead and wrecked the room.

Auction Sale Hardware.

Having purchased a good stock of hardware, I will offer the same for sale at public auction on Saturday, June 11, beginning at 10 a. m. The stock includes wagons, plows, drills, planters, rakes, spades, shovels, hinges, spokes, shafts, ropes, chains, hay forks, seeders, nails, bolts, lawn mowers, chicken feeders, pulleys, bridles, halters, oil cans, springs, screen doors, wagon jacks, bailing wire, piping oil tanks, well points, tile, hoes, sprinklers, yokes, all kinds of machinery repairs, hog rings, axle grease, doubletree and a general line of hardware. Sale at the Charles Pauley building, corner Third and Mill streets, opposite Mann's livery barn.

Anyone desiring to purchase tools or farming implements at private sale, previous to date of auction, call at the above place or at our office on North Chestnut street.

Terms of Sale: All sums of \$5 and under, cash in hand on day of sale; on all sums more than \$5, a credit of six months will be given, purchaser giving note with approved security, notes to bear 8 per cent. interest from date, if not paid at maturity. m-w-f-wkly

F. M. PEEK.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following is a list of letters remaining at the postoffice at Seymour, Indiana, and if not called for within 14 days will be sent to the dead letter office.

Men

Hom Bennington.

Mr. Bryron Boyd.

Morse Emily.

Mr. Geo. E. Lind.

Ladies

Mrs. Emma Leetir.

Mrs. A. A. Oles.

Miss Nettie Kaumitz.

Miss Stella Kontz.

Miss Stella Whitford.

Miss Zella Winslow.

Miss Pauline Riffe.

Miss Mamie Shire.

June 6, 1910.

EDWARD A. REMY, P. M.

Banks on Sure Thing Now.

"I'll never be without Dr. King's New Life Pills again," write A. Schinckel, 647 Elm St., Buffalo, N. Y. "They cured me of chronic constipation when all other failed." Unequalled for biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, headache, chills, malaria and debility. 25¢ at Andrews-Schwenk Drug Co.

STEINWEDEL'S ANNIVERSARY SALE

Now going on, and to be continued for 10 days and a chance for you to buy clothing, hats and furnishings of highest character at prices that mean dollars saved for you.

\$6 and \$7 Children's Suits, age 8 to 16 years now	\$4.90
\$5 Children's Suits, age 7 to 16 years now	\$3.90
\$4 Children's Suits, age 5 to 15 years now	\$3.10
\$3.50 Children's Suits, age 4 to 15 years now	\$2.50
\$2.50 Children's Suits, age 4 to 16 years now	\$1.80
1 Special Lot Children's Suits, 6 to 14 years now	\$1.10
Men's \$20.00 Suits marked down to	\$16.00
Men's \$15.00 Suits marked down to	\$11.00
Men's \$10.00 Suits marked down to	\$6.00
Men's \$8.00 Suits marked down to	\$5.00
Boys' \$15.00 Long Pants Suits down to	\$9.00
Boys' \$10.00 Long Pants Suits down to	\$6.00
Boys' \$8.00 Long Pants Suits down to	\$4.50
Boys' \$5.00 Long Pants Suits down to	\$2.80

20 per cent. off on Men's and Boys' Trousers.
20 per cent. off on Men's and Boys' Soft and Stiff Hats.

50c Work Shirts reduced to 39c.

Come in and look over the Goods, we have lots of good bargains at prices that will astonish you.

A. STEINWEDEL CLOTHING CO.

RICHART

HAS SHOES FOR ALL

Especially in nice Dress Shoes and Oxfords. We can guarantee satisfaction and good wear, and styles that cannot be beat. We carry a special line of farm shoes.

RICHART



Look Here

A nice, new four-room cottage, with two lots, cement walks, in Third ward, near the Ahlbrand Carriage Company plant, for \$950. This is a snap and must be sold by June 1. See E. C. Bollinger at once. Phones, office, 186; residence, 5.

CONGDON & DURHAM

Fire, Tornado, Liability, Accident and Sick Benefit

INSURANCE

Real Estate, Rental Agency

Prompt Attention to All Business

FIRE

Fire, Automobile and Travelers Baggage Insurance against loss in any manner. Over Postal Tel. Off.

E. W. BLISH

W. H. BURKLEY

REAL ESTATE INSURANCE and LOANS

SEYMORE, INDIANA

ELMER E. DUNLAP, ARCHITECT

<p

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful, in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

King Menelik's last death is believed to have been fatal.

"Stop grafting," says J. J. Hill. Mr. Hill always has some good advice to offer.

Some one declares that sleeping in church is a disease. So is the long sermon.

If some medical scientist would make a diligent search he would probably find a grouch germ.

Europe will never forget the fine time she had sitting on the fence watching Mr. Roosevelt go by.

Don't worry. Bibles will always be for sale for a very small price compared with what they are actually worth.

The government census will not include an enumeration of the grafters of the country. All other trades, however, will be represented.

If the earth is really 400,000,000 years old it must have changed owners many times before Rockefeller and Mr. Morgan got hold of it.

There is to be an investigation of the sanity of a New York woman who wants to give away money. She must have some relatives who are eager to do a little inheriting.

Battleships have passed the ocean greyhound in speed and promise soon to outstrip them in size, but they never will assemble as many queer passenger in their smoking rooms.

A Boston newspaper prints the picture of a pretty girl who has not tasted meat during the entire twenty-three years of her life. Take our word for it; she looks good, too.

Wizard Burbank has solved the meat question by the development of an edible cactus. If you don't like that he offers alfalfa, which is said to be as nutritious as meat. Nebuchadnezzar tried it and he survived.

Edison's street car storage battery may make the trolley obsolete. In time the wizards of science may even invent a strap to which it is a pleasure and comfort to hang, but overenthusiastic hopes should not be indulged in this direction.

A Pittsburg widow who was compelled to sell her beautiful hair in order to keep her children from starving has received an offer of marriage from a rich man in Oklahoma. In case they are married the man ought to do the right thing by immediately buying a nice switch for the lady. She deserves it.

Andrew Carnegie says he is in favor of having laws providing that every man who dies worth more than a million shall have to leave half of his fortune to the State. But wouldn't that work a further hardship on the public? The men who are anxious to leave many millions to their descendants would scheme all the harder to multiply their millions before death gripped them.

Texas cotton-raisers, seeking to increase the profit of their business, have been experimenting with cotton-seed flour. They find that it makes admirable cakes, and when mixed with wheat flour it can be used for bread. There are enthusiasts who maintain that cotton is one of the most useful articles grown, as its floss can be made into clothing, its stalks into paper, its seed into bread and cake, and its oil into shortening for cooking, or dressing or salads, or lubricants for machinery.

It is the bad air in churches in Chicago that keeps so many people from worship, and not indifference or pure "cussedness." At any rate, that is the view of the secretary of the health board, Edward S. Pritchard, who in a recent address declared that, considering the conditions, he did not wonder at the slim attendance at Sunday services. "Janitors throw open the windows of the churches immediately after the services are over," said Mr. Pritchard. "They keep them open for a while, and then shut them until the next services. But that's not the way to get rid of the germs. It keeps them right in the building. Do you wonder at the death rate of such preventable diseases as pneumonia and consumption?"

There is a fine glimpse of the romance of the settlement of the American continent in the transfer to a Minnesota corporation for the purpose of development of an 800,000-acre strip of land through the middle of the state of Oregon. This strip was lightly tossed by the government to a highway company for building a military road across the trackless interior embraced by its two splendid rivers. The road was built and the land earned nearly half a century ago. First it served military purposes only, making a shorter cut from the army posts of the Columbia to the haunts of the fierce Indian tribes in the lava beds of southern Oregon. Gradually pioneers made it a path to lonely homes; later frontier villages grew up for supply of these, and still later treeless tracts were taken up by ranchers whose cattle and sheep were driven either way to railroad shipping.

points. The least valuable land was that encumbered with timber or destined to water, though none of it was considered very valuable until a few years ago. Now with the exhaustion of forests on one side and extension of irrigation on the other, the once prized grazing land is least valuable of all, while an acre of the timber land and irrigated fruit land is worth more than the original proprietors would have asked for a section. The alternate or selected sections of the original grant, unmarketable for any industrial purpose, passed finally into the hands of a famous French private bank, able to wait for accumulation of what is called the unearned increment. But is there no just earning power in the self-denial that locks up capital without interest and pays taxes for more than a generation on the chance of getting in a lump what was paid out year by year?

University extension is entering on a new phase, in obedience to the world's growing demand for education, efficiency, knowledge. College training is still the privilege of the minority owing to its cost and its incompatibility with "making a living." But new ideas and remarkable innovations are now challenging attention in the sphere of the higher education; efforts are being made to reach the masses, to adopt collegiate institutions to their needs and means. Thus Columbia University has decided to establish "branches" at Newark, N. J., and other cities, and to establish full evening courses for the benefit of wage-earners and others who cannot attend day courses. The "social life" of the college will have to be dispensed with, but the actual training, the discipline, the wide horizon yielded by college education will be rendered accessible to many of those who are now deprived of the privilege. The most extraordinary experiment in this direction, however, is to be tried in progressive Massachusetts. Thanks to private endowment, a Massachusetts college has been incorporated for the purpose of giving higher education by means of lectures, recitations and classes in every part of the State, town halls, public school buildings and other places being available. Professors and instructors of existing colleges will be engaged to teach the new recruits, and as the demand increases other instructors will be found. The training is to be thorough and to lead to the regular degree. Trustees of high standing and authority are to supervise the work and to prevent the lowering of standards. The greatest need of democracy is education, the ability to think, to judge men, measures, things. The modern forms of "university extension" recognize that need and promise to meet it. The movement for the democratization, or peopleization, of the higher education is worthy of every encouragement, provided it does not breed too many lawyers and doctors and engineers at the expense of agriculture, business and productive industry generally.

An Infant Prodigy.

Of all the stories of infant marvels the most touching is that told by Sir John Evelyn in his diary when he records in his quaint, dignified style the death of his wonderful little boy:

"Died my dear son Richard, to our inexpressible grief and affliction, five years and three days only, but at that tender age a prodigy for wit and learning. To give only a little taste of them and thereby glory to God, sense of God, at two and a half old he could perfectly read any of ye English, Latine or French or Gothic letters, pronouncing the first three languages exactly. He had before the fifth year or in that year got by heart almost the entire vocabularie of Latin and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turn English into Latine, and vice versa, construe and prove what he read and did the government and use of relatives, verbes, substantives, ellipses and many figures and tropes and made considerable progress in Comenius' Janua, began for himself to write legibly and had a strong passion for Greek. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture to the occasion. He declaimed against ye vanities of the world before he had seen any. So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! Such a child I never saw, and for such a child I blesse God, in whose bosom he is."

Bird's Fondness for Tobacco.

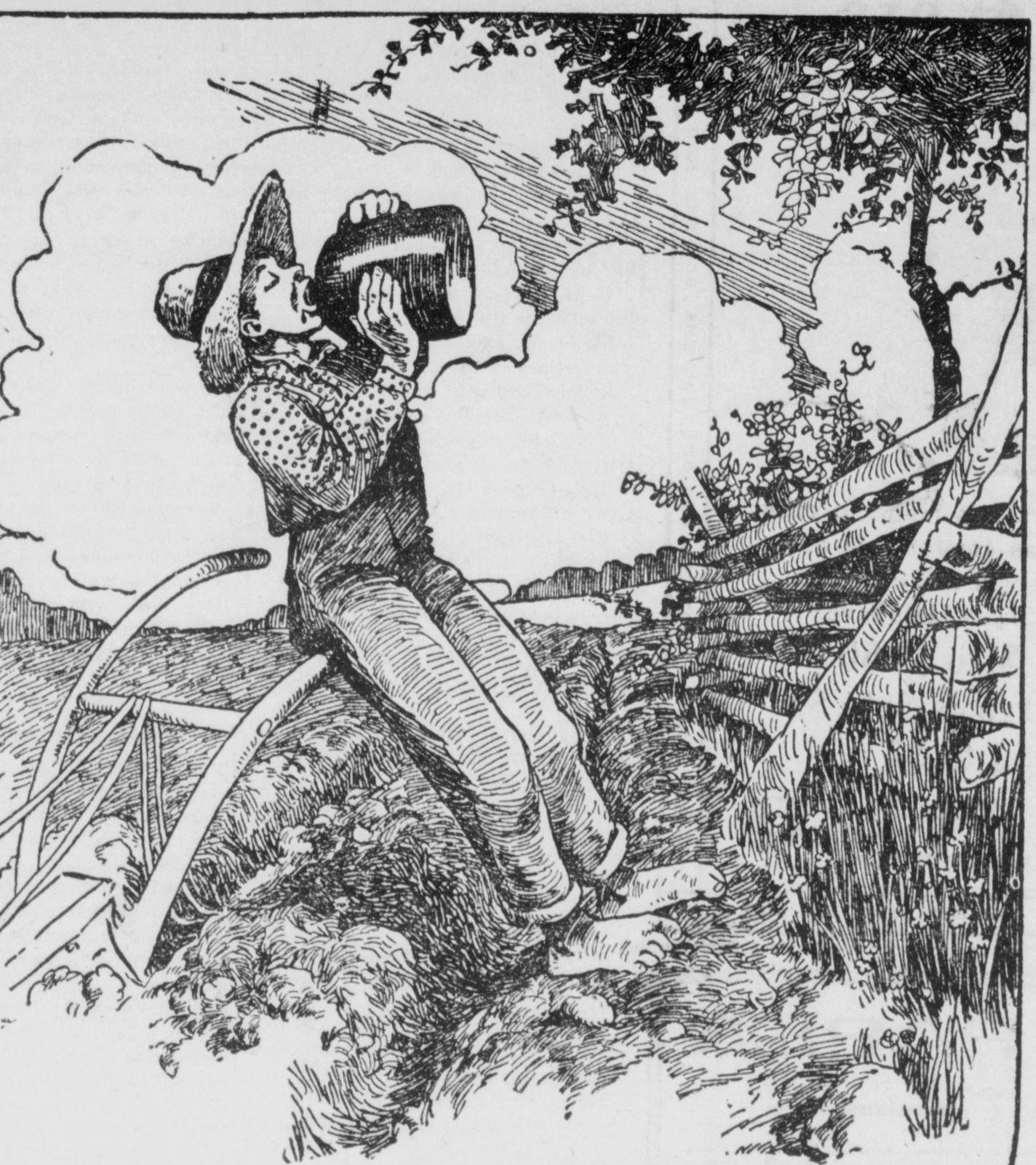
A correspondent states that he possesses a tame magpie, to which he sportively offered an extinguished cigar stump, says the Kosmos. The bird began to tear the stump apart, but apparently changing its mind proceeded to rub the stump held in its beak over every part of its body, including the inside of the wings, in very careful and methodical manner. The experiment was subsequently repeated many times, always with the same result.

The magpie is so fond of tobacco that it has repeatedly snatched a lighted cigar from his hand against his will. It also picks up fallen cigar ashes and strews them over its feathers. He thinks these actions have a purpose, the destruction of parasites, and are determined by atavism or inherited instinct. In the wild state some unidentified plant must have been used instead of tobacco as an insecticide. The magpie's action furthermore seems to be an unquestionable instance of the use of "tools" by a lower animal.

Every girl likes to say she has never been in love, although she may have been in love as often as a politician has wanted office.

"Nobody loves them," a woman often says of her children, "except their mother."

WHO WOULDN'T BE A COUNTRY BOY?



Out where the Bob White whistles near,
Out where the air is good and clear,
Out where the scent of the bright spring flowers
Puts life in the country boy.

Oh! to get away from city toil,
Just to smell the smell of fresh tilled soil,
Just to take a drink from the old stone jug,
And plow like the country boy.

—Detroit Times.

RACING A GRIZZLY.

The older a hunter becomes the more respect he has for grizzlies, declares A. M. Powell in "Trailing and Camping in Alaska." The author gives an instance of shooting at a brown silvertip grizzly when he had but one load in his revolver. That the result was amusing instead of fatal is an instance of Mr. Powell's good fortune.

The grizzly rolled over, bawled, and performed the other usual preliminaries, and then turned his attention in my direction at a rate that indicated a final settlement in about nine seconds.

When I twice snapped my revolver, the truthfulness as well as the awfulness of my mistake dawned; no, it broke upon me with startling suddenness. I desired very much to explain and apologize, but as that bear was half-way down the hill, and his jaw-clapping indicated a ruffled disposition, my legs positively refused to remain there; and besides, I felt that they needed exercising.

At once I discovered that I was a remarkably good starter in a footrace. My hat was left where it indicated the starting-place very accurately, and I should not have stopped to pick it up if it had been filled with gold.

I directed my course for the Nabesna River, about fourteen miles away, and planned to run by the packtrain so that my partner would know the direction I was traveling, and so also that he might cover the retreat with his rifle.

There was an open flat about six jumps ahead, a distance that is much greater than the reader may imagine. As the bear was running at an angle which would head me off at that point, and as I was interested in the outcome, I glanced over my shoulder to see just how it was going to be done. I then fortunately observed that just before reaching the place of collision I should pass a small bunch of brush, and for a moment we should be out of sight of each other.

Right there I jumped my train off the track and rolled it down an embankment, while the bear punctually arrived at the flat, only a few yards away.

After pointing his nose upward and emitting a loud snort, he became interested in the unusual sight of the pack-train. I bravely held my breath so as not to disturb his meditations, and when he again snorted, my heart acted rudely, and I shrank up perceptibly. Vainly I listened for the report of a rifle, but the bear shuffled safely away. Then I straightened up and walked to Dashiel and inquired why he hadn't shot.

Between spasms of laughter, he replied, "Why, man, it wasn't my bear-fight!"

NEW FLORA FOR AN ISLAND.

Start of Vegetation on a Lava Bed.

DURATION OF LIFE OF SEED.

In 1883 the island of Krakatoa, in the Sunday strait, was covered to a depth of thirty-two yards with lava by a tremendous volcano outburst. An interesting botanical problem was suggested, the London Globe says. Here was an area of new rock absolutely devoid of plant life. How would it be reconquered and repeopled by the vegetable world? So at the suggestion of

Treub the Island has been kept under observation since 1886.

In that year it was found that those simplest of all plants, the so-called blue-green algae, had formed thin, black films over the surface. In this a number of ferns and a few flowering plants had established themselves. By 1897 the island was covered with a characteristic shore vegetation, including a species of ipomoea. Ferns predominated and there were very few shrubs and no trees. The latest expedition reports 137 species of plants belonging to all the principal groups. Ferns are no longer dominant and the forests are rapidly increasing.

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Between spasms of laughter, he replied, "Why, man, it wasn't my bear-fight!"

He had really intended to do Macmonnies a favor and had indeed paid him the greatest compliment of which he was capable, but the young sculptor was in distress, for on comparing the remodeled Diana with a photograph of Falguere's statue of the same character he found the Frenchman had unconsciously made a practical replica of the other. Macmonnies did not rest until he had restored his statue to its original pose.

He had really intended to do Macmonnies a favor and had indeed paid him the greatest compliment of which he was capable, but the young sculptor was in distress, for on comparing the remodeled Diana with a photograph of Falguere's statue of the same character he found the Frenchman had unconsciously made a practical replica of the other. Macmonnies did not rest until he had restored his statue to its original pose.

People never grumbled more than

HOBBY RIDERS DO GOOD.

They Help to Educate the World and Bring About Reforms.

More power to the man who has a hobby. He may often be looked upon as a nuisance, but when we dissect him we find that in his make-up there is much more to praise than to criticize, although it is easy enough to ridicule the hobby rider. He is seriously enthusiastic and intent on a single purpose. He does not waste his ammunition. This single-mindedness of purpose, which lays him liable to scorn, is the essential cause of progress.

Pioneers are essential in any line of endeavor, the Washington Herald says. Unless they had a hobby they would follow the beaten path or the line of least resistance and the result would be that the world would not have taken a forward step. All hobbies are not useful or economic, but it is for men of sober mind, who are too matter-of-fact to have hobbies themselves, to distinguish between those which are beneficial and those which are extravagant and foolish.

In a recent issue of the "Proceedings of the Royal Society," J. White gives the results of some interesting experiments on the ferments and latent life of resting seeds. That the substance of germinating seeds undergoes a process of fermentation by which it is rendered suitable for the nourishment of the embryo is well known. This is illustrated by the change of the starch of the barley seed into sugar during the process of malting. It is not, however, known whether germination can take place in the absence of a ferment. Mr. White, however, finds that the ferments in the seeds may retain their activity long after the power of germination has been lost.

The ferment in a seed may retain its power for twenty years or more.

The seeds specially studied by Mr. White were wheat, barley and other cereals. He finds that the duration of the power of germination varies much. In rye it is about five years, but in wheat from eleven to sixteen. No seeds which had lost their power of germinating could be induced to grow by adding a ferment. And if this was added to one germinating feebly, the growth was retarded.

If further proof were wanted that the stories of wheat germinating after lying for thousands of years in Egyptian tombs have no foundation in fact, it is supplied by Mr. White's report that the life of a wheat seed is only from eleven to sixteen years.

Helping a Sculptor.

When Macmonnies, the American sculptor, was a young man working in Paris Falguere, the famous French sculptor, on one occasion entered his atelier and found there a beautiful Diana that had been for months "on the stocks" and was approaching a perfect measurement that the life of a wheat seed is only from eleven to sixteen years.

He calls her to listen, with glances that glisten, to songs of his sensitive soul.

While she is discerning by odors of burning, that cook, with her fancies of penny romances, is finding a Heaven with X37, and dinner is done to a coal!

—Adrian Ross, in House Beautiful.

Merely Helping.

"I think, uncle, that you might do something to help our daughter to make a good marriage. She is not beautiful and she is getting along in years."

"Very well, I will let it be known that I am going to leave her a milk ion."

"And are you?"

"Of course not." —Houston Post.

Where It Goes.

"Don't you think a great deal of food goes to waste?"

"All Taft eats appears to go to waste." —Houston Post,

It may be that a man can't understand women, but if he learns to be afraid of them he has learned something.

STORY OF THE TELEPHONE.

Modern Invention Not a Transmitter of Sound, but a Reproducer.

"Hello! Hello! Is this Chicago?"

Every day these five words are asked by New York parties, and in the same instant the voice in far-away Chicago answers. Truly it is wonderful, this conversing with friends 970 miles away as easily as though they sat beside you and with every natural tone and characteristic of the voice maintained and faithfully recorded.

Few of us know that it is not actually our friend's voice that we hear when we use the telephone, the Electric Service Bulletin says. It is merely an accurate reproduction of that voice faithfully copied, remembered and repeated by that marvel of all marvels—electricity.

If the telephone was but a medium to transmit sound waves it would be far, indeed, from the convenience it is now. Sound travels very slowly when compared with electricity or light, as the speed of sound waves through the air is only 1,090 feet a second. It is 970 miles from New York to Chicago, or 5,102,200 feet; therefore it would take a sound wave 4,681 seconds to travel the distance—supposing, of course, that it were possible for sound to travel that distance and be audible. This equals seventy-eight minutes or an hour and eighteen minutes. Therefore, if you said "Hello" in this end of a sound-wave line you would have to wait two hours and thirty-six minutes to get an answer from Chicago. At this rate of speed if a man had much to say he might better take a fast train and go to

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

WHY FRANCE IS RICH.

ARIS is the Mecca of foreigners. They come from all parts of the world to enjoy life in the great metropolis; and the yearly income from this source alone approximates \$600,000,000. Along with this item the earnings of French capitalists on their investments in the securities and properties of other countries amount to fully \$250,000,000 yearly. On the other side of the account is an adverse balance of trade which in 1907 amounted to \$120,000,000. Deduct this outgo from her income of \$850,000,000, and it leaves France with \$730,000,000 to the good. Instead of getting an income of \$600,000,000 from foreign tourists, the United States pays out at least \$150,000,000 for the expenses of American tourists abroad. Again, instead of drawing \$250,000,000 yearly from foreign investments, this country pays out \$300,000,000 to foreign investors in our securities and properties. A third factor is the army of aliens who flock here from all parts of the world to hoard up money, which they take back to their own countries; this drain costs us \$300,000,000 more. Add \$100,000,000 more which we pay for ocean freights in foreign vessels, and the yearly outgo is \$850,000,000. Deduct our yearly income of \$500,000,000 for favorable trade balance, and it leaves a yearly deficit of \$350,000,000.—Moody's Magazine.

CRIMINALS MADE BY THE LAW.

IT IS entirely possible that human law, since its invention in the dawn of civilization, has made more criminals than original sin, heredity or environment. Like all human institutions, it is born in imperfection and progresses slowly to perfection through long and weary cycles of advancing civilization. Within historic times criminal law has changed its spirit from brute revenge and sordid compensation to that of deterrence and prevention, with some dim notion of reform of the criminal. But it is still crusted and barnacled, especially in respect of offenses against property, with the gross brutalities and blind prejudices of its barbaric origin. These are the agencies by which law makes criminals, begetting progeny only to devour them like the earlier god of a primitive race.

We do not realize how many of these savagery survive in modern law, how many human personalities are sacrificed to some trivial fetish of property, until a flash of romantic interest like that in John Carter reveals the possibilities of outrage and injustice under the law of burglary we have inherited from British feudalism.

The whole viewpoint of criminal law is slowly changing, though the fossils by whom it is made in legislatures and administered in the courts are naturally the last to realize it. Traditional law looked only at the particular offense charged or proved, measuring out punishment for it by ancient standards without regard to the human nature and capacities of the criminal.

The law of the future will look first of all at these,

excluding for life the habitual and incurable criminal whenever caught, for a small offense or none at all, but giving the perpetrator of whatever offense the full advantage of whatever latent capacities for reform his nature may contain. That law will gradually extinguish old criminals without making new ones.—Minneapolis Tribune.

PEARY WON'T PRODUCE THE PROOFS.

EARY'S refusal to submit his proofs to Congress or to scientific bodies other than the National Geographic Society ought to dispose of the bill to retire him with increased rank and pay. The excuse of contracts with publishers is not sufficient. Peary might submit his proofs without used to the detriment of himself or publishers, and he might fortify his position by submitting them to the University of Copenhagen and geographical societies of Europe. But he evidently doesn't choose to do so, and he is giving rise to doubts of the success of his expedition.

Peary entirely overlooks his obligations to the United States government. He has devoted the best of thirteen years to polar expeditions, and all the while he has been drawing a salary as commander in the naval service. In other words, he has been given almost continuous leave of absence for thirteen years for prosecuting his personal plans and has drawn pay from the United States for so doing. Though far from the retiring age, he wants to retire with the rank of Rear Admiral of the first class and draw still higher pay for life, so that he may proceed to cash in at high rates the results of his work on Uncle Sam's time.—Houston (Tex.) Post.

IRON DEPOSITS IN CANADA.

IT IS now known positively that iron ores abound in practically every province of Canada. Only eight iron mines are in operation, and only one of these is producing as much as 100,000 tons of ore in a year, it is true; but active preparations are being made in the eastern provinces for exploiting the recently proved deposits of ore on a large scale. At present the chief Canadian blast furnaces draw most of their ore from Belle Isle, in Conception bay, near St. Johns, Newfoundland. Newfoundland is very rich in iron ores, and nearly 1,000,000 tons are raised annually, most of which is used in Canada. But enormous and rich reserves of hematite ore have been found in New Brunswick, within easy distance of large coal fields. Deposits of huge quantity and high quality have also been proved in Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia in the east, and in Vancouver and British Columbia in the west. Recent investigations conducted by the department of mines, coupled with private prospecting, inspire the hope that Canada is as rich in iron and steel-making materials as the United States.—Cassier's Magazine.

LEGAL INFORMATION

The applicant for citizenship in the case of *In re Knight*, 171 Federal Reporter, 299, was born upon a schooner flying the British flag, in the Yellow Sea, off the coast of China. His father was of English birth and parentage; his mother was half Chinese and half Japanese, having been married to applicant's father in Shanghai under British colors. Applicant was 43 years old, intelligent, of good character, and had served since 1882 in the United States navy, and had won a medal for service on the flagship Olympia in the battle of Manila bay. The naturalization statute applies to aliens, either white or of African nativity or descent. A person half white and half some other race belongs to neither of those races, but is literally a half-breed. This holding would appear to exclude mulattoes. The application was refused by the Federal District Court.

A woman of culture and refinement having contracted anaesthetic leprosy while engaged in missionary work in Brazil, was ordered removed by the city board of health to the city's pesthouse, a structure of four small rooms, used theretofore for the isolation of negroes with smallpox, and situated within 100 yards of the city garbage heap. A distinguished specialist had pronounced the infection not contagious, and no evidence of contagion had appeared, although complainant had mingled freely with other people. In *Kirk v. Wyman*, 65 Southeastern Reporter, 387, complainant insisted that her condition did not justify her immediate removal to the pesthouse until suitable accommodations were provided for her, and applied for an injunction to restrain the action of the board. The South Carolina Supreme Court, believing that the official action of the board was so arbitrary and that there was no adequate relief in a suit for damages, maintained the injunction.

The case of United States Telephone Co. v. Central Union Telephone Co., 171 Federal Reporter, 130, is a valuable and interesting contribution to the law governing the rights of telephone companies as public service corporations. The complainant company made contracts with several local companies, by which it was agreed that they should give long-distance connections to complainants and permit no connection with any other company for a period of 99 years. Complainants alleged that breach of these agreements was in-

duced by the unlawful acts of defendant, and prayed an injunction restraining further interference with their contract rights. The United States Circuit Court draws a distinction between the telephone business and the sleeping car business, in which it was held in Chicago, St. L. & N. O. R. Co. v. Pullman Co., 139 U. S. 79, 11 Sup. Ct. 490, 35 L. Ed. 97, that a contract for exclusive rights for the term of fifteen years to furnish sleeping cars to a railroad company was not invalid. It is possible for all travelers to obtain like accommodations on sleeping cars, notwithstanding they may all be furnished by a single company; but where there are different telephone companies, each having its own list of subscribers, it is impossible to give them like service unless each company be allowed the right of connection with the local exchanges. This being the case, the contract in question would necessarily prevent local companies from carrying out to the full extent their duties as public service corporations. The agreements were held invalid and injunction denied.

ENGLISH BANK NOTES.

Curious Indorsements—£5 Notes Are the Lowest Now Issued.

The custom of indorsing English bank notes, even when they pass in some trivial purchase, is a surprise to most Americans who go abroad for the first time. It is an old custom and one which has led to many curious inscriptions on the notes.

A debtor in prison wrote on the back of a £10 note "The first debt I have honestly paid for a year," while a prodigal son turned the tables against himself when he wrote on a £20 note "The last of thousands left by my father, who slaved to earn

1759 the Bank of England began to issue £10 notes as well as £20, till then exclusively used. It was not till thirty years after that £5 notes were brought out, and in 1797 there were £1 and £2 notes, but they ceased in 1821, owing to the immense amount of forgery they led to, says the Queen. Hundreds if not thousands were hanged for counterfeiting notes for such small sums.

A curious bank note, designed by Hone has prison chains across one end, is signed by Jack Ketch, a row of malefactors hanging with ropes around their necks appears on the face and a series of criminals' heads on the other side, together with the words "Until the resumption of cash payments or the abolition of the punishment by death." The "L" which in the corner usually preceded the amount and value of the note was formed of rope.

From April 5, 1829, the £5 note has

been the lowest procurable from the Bank of England. Of late the desirability of once more issuing the £1 note has been discussed.

In 1827 a £1,000 note was the highest, but £500 notes have been issued, and there is a story of a certain tradesman keeping such a one by him as a curiosity, while a gentleman framed one, which his executors promptly cashed at his death. There is a family tradition about the visit of a certain church functionary at a house when some disputed point had to be settled by reference to the Bible, and the one belonging to the deceased mother was brought down from a shelf, dusty and unused, but within was found a note for £40,000.

The Bank of England note of to-day has taken some time and many inventions to bring it to its present condition. The numbering machine was first employed in 1809, steel-plate engraving was supplanted by the siderographic machine, and that by electro-type surface printing. The great aim is to prevent forgery, the paper employed being unique and the watermark and private marks are all in favor of the banker.

Old Man Hare.

John Hare, the eminent English actor-manager, said that the most delightful compliment he ever received was from Mr. Gladstone. It was a double-edged compliment. Whichever way you took it it was satisfactory.

Mr. Hare earned fame playing old men's parts, his character as Mr. Goldin in "A Pair of Spectacles" being a good example. Added to this was a horror of having his picture taken.

Mr. Gladstone had never seen a picture of the actor, but he knew him well behind the scenes as well as before the footlights. The premier's favorite play was "A Pair of Spectacles," and he always went behind the scenes to chat a while with the actor. The really old man and the made-up old man would sit there and talk in the most delightful way for an hour after the show.

One day the Earl of Rosebery had Mr. Gladstone to dinner, and he also invited his friend John Hare. The actor came in smooth-shaved, looking about thirty-five. He was presented to Mr. Gladstone, and the prime minister shook his hand most cordially and said:

"My dear sir, I am very, very glad to meet you. I know your father very, very well. Splendid actor! Fine old man!"

It took the whole evening for the earl and Mr. Hare to convince him that the son was really the father.

In buying a gentle horse, always remember that a gentle horse is a lazy horse.

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NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

Many "Inventions" Improvements on Things Existing Long Ago.

There is no new thing under the sun. Many of our boasted new "inventions" are simply second editions of things which were invented a thousand years ago, Pearson's Weekly says.

The taxicab is by no means a new idea. A German professor has written a letter to the Frankfort Gazette, in which he says he has discovered that Vitruvius, the Roman historian, describes a taximeter cab in use in Rome the year 79 A. D.

The mechanism of the taximeter caused a stone to drop into a box under the carriage every thousand paces. At the end of the journey the driver counted the stones which had fallen into the box, and in this way was able to calculate the fare.

Within the last fifty years an Englishman produced a particular kind of pin, which he called a "safety" pin. For this admirable service to mankind he was highly honored and fêtes and favors have showered upon him.

However, when some one was poking about among the ruins of Pompeii, they came upon a large number of bronze safety pins. They were quite up-to-date pins, too. There was a coiled spring at one end and a catch at the other—just like those in constant use at the present day.

Thimbles have been found in prehistoric mounds and combs and hairpins were in existence before the Christian era. It is guessed with some certainty that the first needle must have been threaded by a thrifty housewife about 5,000 years ago.

The combination locks we use today, which can only be opened by a combination of certain numbers and letters, were well known and used extensively by the Chinese many centuries ago.

In China, too, they illuminated their houses a couple of thousand years ago with natural gas, which was conveyed to the consumer's house by means of bamboo tubes.

It is calculated that some short-hand systems go back to somewhere about 500 B. C. At any rate, there seems no doubt that the orations of Cicero were written with as much skill and rapidity as the modern stenographer could boast.

The ancients knew about electricity and, though we usually credit Watt with the discovery of steam as a motive power, Nero of Alexandria described machines driven by steam 2,000 years before Watt was born.

This same gentleman invented a double-force pump, such as is used nowadays as a fire engine, and he anticipated the modern turbine wheel.

FACE THAT WAS FAMILIAR.

Quite Sure She Had Met the Man and So She Really Had.

Two richly dressed young girls whose breeding and beauty would pass unquestioned anywhere were among the crowd at an exhibition of paintings last week. Suddenly the taller of them lifted her eyes and exclaimed to her companion, as she caught sight of a man entering the room: "Why, there's some one I ought to know real well."

She was looking directly at a man who had not yet seen her, says the New York Press. He was well worth looking at—strong, broad of shoulder, fair as a Norseman, with an air far more material than artistic. The girl's steady eyes compelled the man's gaze. As their glances met she bowed. He looked surprised, but made no response. She bowed again with gentle insistence, smiling the while. He was almost up within touch of her as he returned her greeting with seeming protest at doing so. A sudden pressing together of the crowd brought them close to each other, and she purred up to him.

"Don't you think that on the average this year's exhibition is an improvement on the last?" she asked.

"I don't know, Miss Kirkie," he returned, simply, with a shyness of manner that seemed strangely enough unsuited to so superb a physical specimen. "I'm no judge. I just came in just because I was given a ticket."

"Yes?" she drawled out. Then hurriedly, as she put out her hand, which failed to see: "You really will pardon me, won't you? But I can't recall where I met you or anything—even your name has slipped my memory. And yet I ought to know it, since you haven't forgotten mine, I see. And your face is so familiar!"

She broke off and looked up at him with eager expectation, as though she were questioning him. Finally broke what promised to be an icy silence.

"Yes, miss, you used to see me very often when you lived in the apartment on 72d street. I was—I still am—the janitor there."

Purdie's Panacea.

Tom Purdie, an old man servant in Sir Walter Scott's household, used to talk of the famous "Waverley Novels" as "our books," and said that the reading of them was the greatest comfort to him.

"Whenever I am off my sleep," he confided to James Skene, the author of "Memories of Sir Walter Scott," "I have only to take one of the novels, and before I have read two pages it is sure to set me asleep."

Coming.

Mrs. Marsh—Are you going to vote for Thompson?

Mrs. Mallow—No. They say the other man is much better looking.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A farmer, who has five boys and two girls, is regarded as a very lucky man.

MATRON'S "CUPID WINGS CLUB."

A Movement to Have Separate Churches for Men and Women.

The Cupid Wings Club, a noted organization of young matrons, who make the mending of broken hearts a specialty, has started a movement to have separate churches for men and women, the New York Evening Telegram's Trenton (N. J.) correspondent says. The club members believe the presence of the gentler sex keeps many men from church. They believe also that if there were separate churches there would be a slump in the church attendance of women.

Mrs. William D. Hamill, chairman of the committee on domestic happiness, has prepared an interesting paper on the subject. In part she says:

"The young men 'sneaked' in as though they were burglars. As soon as the close came I noticed that some of the younger men became uneasy. I came to the conclusion that they were fearful lest they should not be able to make an exit before they were surrounded by the female members of the congregation. The way many of the men tried to get out seemed like dashes for liberty. They did not stop for a moment at the church entrance, but 'marathoned' in either direction.

"I

